THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." [*Proprietor.*

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TERMS.

☞ **Two Dollars** for one year, *invariably in advance.*

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Friends of Shadowland.

As I sit in the twilight they gather
Around me, my friends of the past,
Those I loved in the days long departed,
Whom I love, and will love to the last.
The forms of the young and the tender,
And those of the true and the brave,
Gone from the world's cruel warfare,
To a rest-life beyond the cold grave.

There is one who comes closer beside me,
And stays till the others depart;
A step like the fall of a rose leaf,
It falls like a weight on my heart.
A form light as cloudlet in summer,
A shower of dark curling hair,
And a hand as white as a snow-flake
On the arm of my fireside chair.
Her eyes are more blue than the violet
That looks thro' the dew to the light;
The smile that flits over her countenance
Fills my soul with unspoken delight.

With a look that has lost all its gladness,
And a brow that's more earnest than stern,
Sits one in the glory of manhood:
He rests 'mid the flower and fern!
Thro' the land that the sun loves to shine on,
Where the mock-bird trills out its sweet lay,
He has passed to a clime that is purer,
To a life that is more perfect than day.

On his sword leans a gallant young hero—
For all his brave battles are o'er—
A tear in his brown eye is glistening,
And he smiles with the old smile of yore;
His form is as straight as an oakling,
His bearing as fearless and free,
For there never was spirit more dauntless
Than that of young Charlie could be.

And there, stepping proudly and queen-like,
Another glides sweetly along,
Like a ray of the gay golden sunshine,
Like a scraph's enrapturing song.
Mid the mists and shadows of twilight
Rests a face that has lived past its youth;
But the dim eye looks kindly and loving
From a soul that knows naught save the truth.

Tho' darker than storms of misfortune
Grow the shadows that spread o'er the room;
On two faces, both earnest and calm,
I gaze through the gathering gloom.
O'er the wide-rolling river of Death
They crossed ere their lives were half spent,
And the look that their sad eyes wore then
Rests still on my heart when they went.

Josh Billings says there is one cold, blue, lean kiss that it always makes him shiver to see: "Two persons, (ov the female persuasion) who have witnessed a great many younger and more pulpy daze, meet in some public place, and not having seen each other for twenty-four hours, tha kiss immigiately. Then they talk of the weather and the young man who preached yesterday—an tha kiss immegiately; and tha then lart and blush at what tha say to each other, and kiss again immegiately. This kind ov kissing olwas puts me in mind ov tew ole flints trying tew strike fire."

A Mrs. Chamberlain, of New Haven, Conn., dreamed the other night that her son, eleven years of age, was drowned, and she was so impressed thereby that she would not allow him to go with her to South End by boat, but sent him in the omnibus. Soon after his arrival there he was drowned while bathing.

In a town in Northern Berkshire, a bereaved widower was recently presented with a bill of two dollars for digging his wife's grave. "What," says he, "two dollars for digging a grave in that soft spot? I would have done it myself for a dollar."

AND THEN?

The oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient house-keeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy commenced by early associations, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child—the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concert resounded amid the umbrageous groves sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces look from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastime, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long-by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwells had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathised most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them forever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hang, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when *he* says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humbler neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor, "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, and added, "Get supper;" while stepping over the threshhold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man, "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good night" and "bless you" to Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homeward, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked, "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain "Fine scenery;" on which the host added, "An artist?" when the youth laughing outright said, after a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued, "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on a conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you a half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah—ah!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah—ah!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whisperd Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is, he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby, (she's Clara's cousin, too, you know;) and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine."—The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why then I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then,"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds on the young man's face; which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation—

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!'—But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure, till in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words "And then?" It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that belated traveler; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley the shining river, the bridge, and the church tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters "And then?" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear "And then?"

It is true he had gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he laid bare his folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart and set him to thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwell—the old familiar faces now seen no more.—*He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a friend and companion in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined that they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches, beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white lined the picturesque approach. The sun was sitting when a carriage drove quickly up, slackened its pace as it crossed the bridge and stopped at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forward on seeing a lady alight who in another moment, threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "Our first greeting must be for you, dear, dear, Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already."

Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say, "Miss Clara!" as he gazed from one to another, recognising in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills.—Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face which on a former occasion had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those little words, "And then?" enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man.

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of the numerous asides, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny. The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay surrounded by ancestral groves still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance.—In the old churchyard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraved this inscription of two words—"*And Then.*"

When a steel pen has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame (a gas light for instance) for, say, a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pen, which is too hard to write with, will become softer by being thus heated.

LAZY.—Greeley says there are one hundred thousand people in New York to-day, who, if they had been placed in the Garden of Eden where Adam was, would have soon starved to death for want of some one to pluck the fruit and put it in their mouths.

The rage for divorces is so strong in Chicago that a negro sued for a separation from a woman with whom he lived, but to whom he had never been married.

Pa does it.

"You, Tommie, my son, what's that you are saying?"

"La me! I just said confound it."

"Why, my son, mother's astonished to hear you talk so. That's naughty."

"I say worser things than that sometimes. I just cusses right out like anybody. You know all men cusses!"

"Ah, my son, gentlemen do not curse. Low trifling men curse, but gentlemen of good sense and manners don't."

"Well, anyhow, my pa does it."

"Run along to play, Tommie, and be a little man. Don't say such naughty things."

Enter Father—"Pa, are you a gentleman?"

"Yes, my son, I try to be one; but what makes you ask such strange questions, Tommie? Who says otherwise?"

"Nobody, sir, but I was thinking somebody told a story—you or ma, one."

"Thomas, what do you mean?"

"I just mean, pa, that you cusses, and ma says gentlemen don't. And you know you do, cause I heard you cuss the carriage-driver the other day; and I've been saying it ever since."

"Peggy, put the boy to bed."

A Centre Shot.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, recently, produced the following picture:

Men seem ashamed to labor, and often you will find men who have made themselves respected by labor, have built a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: "You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this." Oh, these rich men's sons. They aim to lead a life of emasculated idleness and laziness. Like the polypus that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscles, no bones—it shuts and opens, and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence, or use. Such are these poor fellows. Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their forms of iron bones; but denying all this to their sons, they turn them upon the world boneless muscles, simply gristle, and soft at that.

A farmer in Northampton county, Pa., has a team of four horses whose aggregate ages amount to ninety-six years. One is twenty-six, another is twenty-four, and the other two are each twenty-three years old.

Begging has been reduced to a science in St. Louis. The latest application was from a little girl on the street corner, who earnestly pleaded for a "chaw o' terbacco for her sick and dying mother."

Brigham Young ungallantly said to the wife of Joe Smith, the Prophet, that she was the "d—dest liar he knew." This was part of a Sunday afternoon sermon upon the Smith family.

A Parisian chronicler says that the Emperor of Russia proposes to spend in Paris 5,000,000f. Supposing him to stay ten days, as expected, that will be $100,000 a day in gold.

The Hartford (Ct.) Courant speaks of "the Commissioner of Internal Revenge." We suppose it is some U. S. officer to be sent "down South," among us heathens.

The late John Clark, of Baltimore, left the greater part of his estate of $730,000 to St. John's Methodist Church, of that city, to be expended in charity.

Hay is selling at Allentown, Pa., for $12 a ton. A few weeks ago it brought from $35 to $40.